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One Dollar Per Year.

THREE YEARS OLD.

What is it like, I wonder, to roam

Down through the tail grass hidden quite?

To feel very far away from home

When the dear house is out of sight?

To want to play with the broken moon In the star garden of the skies?
To sleep through twilight even of June
Beneath the sound of Iullabys?

To hold up hurts for all to see? Sob at imaginary harms?
To clasp in welcome a father's knee
And fit so well to a mother's arms?

To have life bounded by one dull road, A wood and a pond, and to feel no lack? To gaze with pleasure upon a toad, And caress a mud turtle's horny back?

To follow the robin's cheerful hop With all the salt small hands can hold, And coaxingly entreat it to stop— What is it like to be three years old?

Ahl once I knew, but 'twas long ago,
I try to recall it in valu—in valu!
And now I know I shall never know
What it is to be a child again.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

A FRESH AIR CHILD.

How She Won the Hearts of Three Old Maids.

The "fresh air" girl stood in the

She felt dimly, that it was not pleas-

All the way from the little country station, as they had driven along the country roads, she had wanted to ask that it had gone. to get out and walk, only she did not dare. The sense of newness and strangeness was too great.

She had never seen anything but the busy, thronged streets of a great city, and she longed to climb the fence by the roadside and dig her feet deep down into the clover, and chase the Dorinda. yellow butterflies across the fields. But she sat up stiffly, by the thin figure at her side, and said nothing, and perhaps was scarcely conscious herself of the longing.

The three women who sat surveying her were distinctly disappointed.

"It wasn't a boy," said Miss Mariah. "No, it's a girl. I guess they forgot I said in my letter that we wanted a boy," answered Miss Sally.
"Well, I said all along, that the

whole thing was a wild goose chase, and it ain't my doin's first nor last,' chimed in Miss Dorinda, the tallest and thinnest of the three sisters. The little girl fastened her eyes on

a great pin at Miss Dorinda's neck. and then dared not look away. It was a big round broach contain-

ing a tiny wreath of hair flowers, of various shades of brown and yellow, set in an oblong rim of gold. The

"What is your name, child?" said Miss

"Cynthia Dane," answered the little girl.

"Well, you can go out and sit on the stoop if you want to."

"Did you hear anything about the child, Sally?"

She was run over by a wagon and hurt | don't believe she would, anyhow." somehow, and when she was well the hospital folks gave her name to the her for three weeks, poor little thing! some other families; there were six of them in one room, and they let her stay in one corner. I guess we can stand it to give her a home for three

She must have had a nice kind of "I'm glad she's come," said Miss Mariah, "and I'm goin' right to work to make her a sunbonnet; there was a bundle of them gingham scraps left like mine," and Miss Mariah went off face.

weeks, and not grudge it either. She

don't look like a street child, and

to hunt for the scraps of gingham. She was different looking from her sisters, being short and plump, with smiling blue eyes. The other two were angular and tell and almost as severe as they looked, but they were good women and did whatever they considered their duty.

Cynthia seated herself on the stoop obediently and gazed about her. There were patches of marigold and mignonette by the brick walk, and a great bed of fragrant clove pinks. Down by the gate were tall swaying hollyhocks, and the bees and butterflies were flitting in and out among them. It was a different world; she had

never dreamed of anything like it. She sat with clasped hands, hardly moving for an hour, and here Miss Mariah found her, with her eyes full glance.

"What's the matter, child?" she said, of tears. gently, and Cynthia answered: "I don't-know-only it's all-so nice," and Miss Mariah understood, as Miss Borinda could not have done, and in a as possible, and when she had gained little while Cynthia was dancing at her side, down to see the chickens and the turkeys, and in and out of the paths of the old-fashioned garden. When they came back Miss Mariah

had made a friend for life, and Cynthia looked like a different child. Miss Sally saw them coming, from the window, and she smiled grimly in spite of herself as she said: "It does beat all how Mariah makes everything foller her about, from turkeys to children. See that child chatterin' like a

magpie, and I tried all the way from the station and never got a word from her but yes and no; but Mariah will spile her for any use."

This prophecy did not prove true, however, for as the days went by, the little girl's hands and feet saved them all many steps; and even Miss Dorinda scknowledged half reluctantly that she was a willin', bidable little thing. She grew round, and pretty and childlike, and lost the pinched, old, look she had had when she first came. Mariah was her staunch friend, from the first, and told the others all Cyn-

this knew about herself.

had sewed for a living, and who had died four years before, when Cynthia was eight. Since then, she had taken care of herself; she was now almost twelve.

It was a pitiful story, much like many others, no doubt, but no other had come so near to them, and Miss Mariah's voice trembled as she told it. Even Miss Dorinda got up hastily, and began to dust the high mantlepiece vigorously, when they all knew there was not the faintest suspicion of dust

After the shyness were off, and she grew accustomed to her surroundings, they found that she could interest them, in her description of the city

and the stores. Miss Dorinda said that she was a "right smart talker for a child;" but

deep down in her heart, she never trusted her, or approved of having her. The turkeys and chickens were her especial care, and she soon grew very fond of them.

Most of all, she was interested in a turkey hen, which was the property of Miss Mariah, and was one of a brood raised by hand, as she expressed it. She had petted it until the turkey had grown to be a real nuisance, and took liberties that no other turkey hen had middle of the room and twisted the ever been known to take. It would strings of her hat as she glanced in a follow Miss Mariah into the house and shy, embarrassed way at the little pick up spools of thread with its bill, or other small objects within reach. When Cynthia had been with them two ant to be talked about and not days the turkey wandered off, much to Miss Dorinda's pleasure, but Cynthia was never tired of hearing of the

Almost three weeks had passed, and it was Cynthia's birthday.

Miss Mariah came into the wide, cool kitchen and began preparations for stirring up a cup cake for tea, in honor of the day; and she tied on an apron and proceeded to do it, in spite of Miss

"Well, Mariah, of you ain't foolish, and at your age, too. Where's that child? I want a bucket of water." "She's gone to the medder to hunt

for that turkey hen; its been gone nearly three weeks, and I believe what I said at first, that it's got a nest somewhere and some young ones."

"Ef the young ones air all like their mother, I hope Cynthia won't find her," said Miss Dorinda, as she went into the spare room to change her

Presently she came out looking strange and excited.

"Mariah Smith," she said, "I put my pin right on that spare room pin cush-ion after I came home from the Parsons, two days after that child came. and it's gone! Now, where is it?"

"Are you sure?" said Mariah. "Yes, I know it. I ain't worn it since that, fer I ain't had on my lace fresh air girl thought it a beautiful collar. I've worn that pin for forty years-it was mother's, and you and Sally know what a store I set by it. That child's done took it, fer there ain't been nobody else in the house. I seen her twice when I sent her to the spare room closet stop and look at

it, and now she's took it.' "Why, Dorinda," said Miss Mariah, 'she liked the pin, and she said so, "Not much; only that she is a match and she wouldn't have talked about it girl, and there ain't nobody kin to her. if she had been going to take it. I

"Children don't have no judgment, and her time's most up," answered fresh air committee, and they fixed her Dorinda, grimly. "And maybe she up and sent her. We've got to keep thought that I would not miss it'til after she was gone. Any way I'm She lived in a tenement house with goin' to make her tell me where she put it the minute she comes in that door.

Miss Mariah protested in vain, and finally had to be contented with begging her not to scare the child into keeping still, the first thing, even if she had taken it. They were interrupted by Cynthia

'Dane' ain't a common soundin' name. herself, who came rushing past the window, breathless and rosy with exercise, her bonnet hanging by the strings around her neck, and her fair hair blown into tiny curls about her

> She gave Miss Dorinda no chance to speak, but began talking almost be-

fore she was in the room. "Oh Miss Mariah, I've been all over the meadow and down to the orchard hunting that turkey hen, and I found it down by the spring, in the high grass you know, and she's got a nest and six little turkeys, six, Miss Mariah and she's so cross, and I made her get up, to count them, and there right in the edge of the nest, was Miss Dorinda's pin, and it is not hart one mite," and she paused breathless, as she unclasped a small brown hand and

triumphantly held out the pin. Miss Dorinda gave a quick glance at her sister, even before she took the broach. In the look was more appeal than Miss Dorinda often put into a

She was distinctly conscious of feeling ashamed of herself and of not wanting the child to know what she had thought. But she need not have feared, for Cynthia was as unconscious

her breath went on again. "The turkey must have taken it, for you said she took one of your handkerchiefs once, Miss Mariah, and I remember that she followed me into the spare room the day after I came, when Miss Dorinda sent me to get some sassafras out of the closet. I-I did stop at the bureau and look at the pin and after I put it down, she must have picked it up and gone right down to the nest; don't you think so? But it's funny she did not lose it in the high grass. I never did hear of such a

turkey. "Well, it may be funny, but that's the last brood she'll ever raise," said Miss Dorinda, decisively.

When the three weeks were up, it was Dorinda who proposed keeping the child, if she wanted to stay. had at last found her way to Miss Dorinda's heart. She is with them still, and has brought fresh life into the house, until it hardly seems the same place. When I went out to visit them for a week last summer, as I do every year, I wondered how they had ever managed to do without her .- foreigners in other markets than our She remembered her mother, who Anna D. Gray, in Orange Juid Farmer. own

Its Variations and Tides as It Rotates With

the Earth. We are dwellers at the bottom of a sort of sen. This sea bottom, which is plains, valleys, plateaus and mounits relationship to the sun, it is impossible that an equal diffusion of solar atmospheric envelope, as the equa-torial zone gets the vertical rays, the temperate zone receives rays that are more slanting and consequent- ferent." ly less heat, while the frigid zones, made such by reason of the polar points or regions most remote from the direct rays of the sun, receive the minimum of light and heat.

Now, what is the consequence? Certain areas or belts are intensely heated and expanded. Other belts are only partially heated, and still other regions are almost bereft of heat, and this very mobile ocean by a law of nature seeks to equalize itself, and a system of currents interchanging and intercommingling is set in motion that are in action seemingly ever and forever. But in the meantime a peculiar factor is operative and exerts a singularly modifying influence on this procedure. This is the earth's diurnal motion, its daily turning on its axis, whereby this very limped ocean is also turned and is alternately heated and cooled as it is side away from the sun. This action relieves the currents of the greater part of the labor, and were it possible for the earth to turn with a pole to the sun and the one side constantly to the solar heat, while the other side was constantly away from it, we can not conceive of the incessant hurricanes that would then prevail as the fiercely heated side of its frigid antipode ex-

changed atmospheric compliments. We are not to suppose that this atmospheric sea is heated even over the equator from the bottom to the top, which is theoretically about forty-five miles, and here is another peculiarity: At a height of only from four to six miles it is incessantly cold, and higher up the air has more than a polar temperature. But we get no correct impression of the upper air phenomena while we are down at the bottom of this sea. There are thousands of im- Englishman. How is it you know so pediments that temporarily retard and much?" stop the currents, and which must regular flow above. If we could be at the bottom, among the rocks and holes of a deep, swift-flowing river, we should get no correct idea from the surrounding swirls of the smooth and uniform flow on its surface. Into the ocean of our atmosphere rise vapors and form clouds which under certain conditions, intercept and retard the electric currents, which then accumulate and again seek equilibrium in explosive action, causing the phenenon known as lightning and followed by peals of thunder. But we are far from being fully conversant with the varied phenomena on and near the surface of this atmospheric sea. We do not under-

stand the situation where the illimitable ether stops to give way to a commencing but as yet exceedingly rare atmosphere, if indeed the atmosphere is not the ether condensed as it im-

pinges on the globe. Whatever the solar emanations that come to us, whatever they are as they leave the solar surface, it is evident that they undergo transposition of correlation as they enter and pierce the ethereal space, and another transformation takes place when they penetrate our atmosphere and develop into what we call heat and light as they impinge on the earth.-Pittsburgh Dispatch.

TELEGRAPH CODES.

the Limited Number of Words That Can

The compiler of a really reliable and comprehensive code is met at the outset of his undertaking by a difficulty that, so far, has defied all attempts at solution beyond a certain point. Despite the fact that the rules of the cable companies permit him to lay under contribution eight languages, the total number of words that can be used with safety for coding purposes is only about one hundred and fifty thousand The reasons for this are two-fold. First, the companies decline to permit the use of any code word of more than ten letters, and it is dangerous to employ those having less than seven, owing to the difficulty of detecting an error in short words. Further, thou sands, nay, hundreds of thousands of words are rejected because of the similarity of the telegraphic symbols that make up the letters.

Figures are rarely telegraphed. The possibility of noting an error in a group of arbitrary figures is very remote. Should a letter or two be "jumbled" in a code word, there are various ways of correcting the mistake -the sense, the context, and reference to the code; but these guides do not apply to the case of figures. The only remedy for a suspected error is repetition of the message at an enhanced cost of fifty per cent. Numbers, therefore, are expressed by a code word. Errors in the transmission of amounts of money are very rare. A banker's code contains words for every possible sum of money, from a halfpenny up to hundreds of thousands of pounds; and the authors have exhibited great ingenuity in making a limited supply of words do very extensive service .-Chamber's Journal.

-Machinery is about to be applied in the manufacture of tin plates to an extent never known before. It is predicted that from the use of machinery in parts of the process, where the Welsh tin-plate makers still use hand labor, the American manufacturers will in time be able to undersell the

OCEAN OF THE ATMOSPHERE. | THE TALL GIRL'S MISTAKE.

She Started Out to Have Fun With the Young Englishman. The tall girl with the yellow hair and the white dress had announced her the surface of the earth, may vary as to altitude, being diversified with Englishman who was a guest at the house where she was staying. He had tains, but in this only slightly varying but lately arrived in this country, and range of a few miles is all human life he was here for a few days on his way restricted, while the wonderful and to a leisurely inspection of the west mighty atmospheric ocean rolls over "I suppose, Mr. Cholmedly," the tall all. As our globe is swung in space in girl said when she got her proposes victim ranged up beside a lot of other girls who wanted to see and hear the heat should strike and penetrate this fun. "I suppose you find this country much different from England?" "Indeed, I do," replied the young

Englishman, politely. "It is very dif-"Do you like it?" "I hardly know yet. I have seen but

very little of it, you know." "Disappointed, aren't you?" "I can't say that I am." "Weren't you grieved because you didn't find any Indians in Central park

in New York waiting to scalp unwary Britons? You surely thought Indians would be there." "Pardon me, but I had no such idea." "Well, you expected to hunt buffalo on Long Island. I'll be bound, and

the wharf, to say nothing of bears and deer in the battery?" "You are entirely mistaken. I expected to find none of the things you have mentioned."

looked for cowboys and Mexicans on

"But you didn't know how large confess now-that you could run up to | wisht we was in some nice, cool jail?" presented to the sunward side or the Buffalo in half an hour from New Indianapolis Journal. York? "I knew it was a ten-hour ride."

The tall girl was rather disconcerted continued the battle. "Had no idea of going out to California and back in the same day?"

"Didn't think that most of the people here were savages and dressed in skins when dressed at all?"

"Certainly not." "All our habits, customs and institutions were strange and outlandish to you, no doubt?" "Some of them strange, but none of

them outlandish. The tall girl was nonplussed. The other girls were laughing at her discomfiture. She nervously twisted and untwisted her handkerchief and finally said: "Well, you are a queer sort of an

In tones icy enough to cause a drop consequently go in his and spurts in temperature the young Englishman regardless of the more even and replied: "Because, miss, I studied geography when I was at school." Then, while the tall girl blushed red as a peony, he contined: "I also studied deportment, something which, I fear, was not included in your curri-

The tall girl was so mortified that she didn't leave her room for two days.

-Buffalo Express. Cactus Calling Cards.

Many are the uses to which the cacus is put, but one of the queerest is that which prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where cactus leaves are | zar. made to serve the purpose of visiting cards. The leaves of the special kind of cactus used for this purpose are not very prickly, however, and furthermore, these unique cards are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant which stands at the foot of the front steps. When a lady calls she has only to take out her hatpin and scratch her name on the glossy surface of one of the leaves, while a gentleman accomplishes the same end with his knife. The lines thus scratched turn silver white and remain clear and distinct on the leaf-for years. New Year's day these cactus cards are particularly convenient, and popular hostesses often appropriate a large branch of their cactus plant to the registry of visits received that day. -St. Louis Globe-Dem-

ocrat. -Eleven thousand guineas is now the record price paid in an auction room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delme, sister of the earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas, and was secured by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas. The famous "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, which so mysteriously disappeared, was knocked down for 10,100 guineas, and the Raphael in the Dudley collection two years ago went for about 3,000

-A curious light has been thrown or the profits of street singers in Paris by a wild lark in which some amateur vocalists indulged lately. Disguised in dilapidated clothes, one posing as an Arab, they made the tour of the Grand boulevards, singing before the cafes, and in one day cleared 121 francs (\$24), to which they added another 62 francs (12) the same night, by taking in the Latin quarter. Their stock in trade was a Gascon song, which the public took for a native Arab air, and a sentimental French ballad. -Toronto was the name of an Indian village when Gov. Sincoe made it the

capital of Upper Canada in 1794, and the room opposite mine?" named it York. There the seat of the provincial government remained until Prof. Pekkins was a professor of 1841, when Upper and Lower Canada savonology! (now Ontario and Quebec) formed a egislative union. When the confed eration was formed in 1867, Toronto the name by which York had been known since 1834, became the perma nent seat of government for Ontario. tah Blankins, pahmit me to ihtahduce more efficiently than any others on Mrs. Professah Null. Mrs. Professah earth. It has even been proved that an Null, Mistah Blankins."-Kate Field's

American road, thoroughly equipped, Washington. will carry a greater weight with the same power than an English owned and managed road. In this case the advantage lay in the American method of arranging the load and of applying ten this morning .- Judge

PITH AND POINT.

-Big words often make a poor closk for a small idea. - Ram's Horn. -"Boy, is your father in?" "I guess Heard ma call somebody a dunce. -Miss Casey-"I always pay as I go."

Gertrude (who is tired)-"Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?"-Vogue. -Teacher-"What does your father work at, Johnny?" Johnny O'Shea-"He don't woik at nuttin'; he's a police

man. See?"—Brooklyn Eagle. -"Don't you think this spring chick en is excellent?" Boarder-"Yes; I should think it would outwear even Russia leather."-Inter-Ocean. -The Best Evidence.-Cobwigger-

"Is it long since he bought this suburban residence?" Merritt-"It can't be. He hasn't tried to sell it yet." Puck, -A Usual Result.-Jugley-"Cobley

was loaded last night." Corkton-"Well, that must have been the reason he shot off his mouth so often."-Free Press. -Mother-"Why do you stay at

home all the time?" Have you no

friends to visit? Laura-"Yes, one. but I can not endure her."-Fliegende Blaetter. -Willis-"You don't like to play poker with Jones, do you?" Wallace-'What leads you to think so?" Willis

-"Jones says he likes to play with you."-Harlem Life. -Hungry Higgins-"Say, it ain't hot on the road, here, ner nuthin'." Weary

this country was. You had an idea- | Watkins-"You said 'er. Don't you -"So you feel you can not marry

him." "Yes, I am fully decided" "Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I by this time, but she bit her lips and like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."—Brooklyn Life.

-Cantley-"There is room for im provement in every home." Topflore-'Not in mine." Cantley-"Why, is your home so perfect?" Topflore—"No, but we live in a flat."—N. Y. World. -Teacher-"Why was Solomon the

visest man in the world?" Boy-"He had so many wives to advise him." Teacher—"Well, that is not the answer in the book, but you may go up head." -Tailor-"Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate

you." Overdue (extending his hand)-'Allow me to congratulate you."-Tit--Not for Inspiration -"Before I began on this story," said young Mr. point to point, sew it down firmly at each end from the wrong side, but small bottle." "Of yellow label?" leave the exact middle of the band asked his friend, "Of ink," replied the

writer.-Truth. -Book Agent .- "Here is that book ma'am, 'How to Play the Piano.' Lady of the House-"What book? 1 didn't order any book." Book Agent-"No'm, but the neighbors told me to bring it to you."-Harlem Life.

-Truthful-"What a horrid humbug you are!" "Why, my dear?" "Why, you said to Mrs. Longchild that she didn't look as if she could be the mother of Miss Longehild, and she looks ninety!" "I know it, but she looks like an old maid."—Harper's Ba

QUEER PROFESSORSHIPS.

Professors of Mouse Catching, Shaving and A short time ago, as I walked through the hall leading to my boarding-house

bedroom, I was surprised to see the door open and a man on his knees in the corner. I inquired of the chambermaid why he was there.

"Oh, he's all right," she answered. "He's Prof. Wilkins." "Why did you bring him up here?" "I always wish to have callers

wait for me in the parlor." "Oh," giggled the girl, "what would he be in the parlor for? He's Prof. Wilkins, the mouse man. Some of the boarders complained there was mice in the house, and he's looking for them!" When I interviewed Prof. Wilkins, he informed me that he was a professor of rodentology, and I found that his mind really had a scientific turn. He gave me some interesting facts in connection with the mouse-catching business. One tale was of a lady who was sued by her maid for damages because, in her terror at discovering a mouse in a sugar basin, she had flung mouse sugar and basin at the girl's head.

Another story illustrated the influence of certain conditions of dreams The Nofessor assured me that one of his customers dreamed of mice whenever she ate cheese!

On the register of a hotel in a west ern town I read "Prof. Pekkins and staff." A geological survey was in progress. Probably, I reflected, Prof. Pekkins was conducting it.

That night, through the transom of my door, I heard an unusually penetrating voice instructing a class, but the subject was not geology. The stranger was giving points to his agents on setting forth the merits of a certain soap. The principal point was the purity of the ingredients. The oil used was of such a quality that in the soap factory, at the lunch hour, the operatives left the butter provided for them, preferring to dip their bread in the sweet and delicate oil. This was no reflection on the butter, which was best creamery.

I was so interested in this stranger that I inquired of the clerk: "Who has "Prof. Pekkins and two of his staff."

Prof. Null, tonsorial artist, lives across the border. Shortly after his marriage, walking with his darkskinned bride, he met a customer-one of the Four Hundred of his city. "Mistah Blankins," he exclaimed, blocking the way of the astonished man, "Mis-

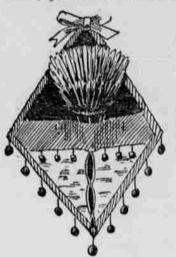
Proof Positive Complimentary Friend-Very strik ing woman, Mrs. Van Snort.
Mr. Van Snort.-Yes; she hit we for

WOMAN AND HOME.

HANDY THING TO HAVE.

So House Should Be Without a Feather Duster Holder-Easily Made if the Instructions Given Below Are Carried Out -But a Few Cents Needed to Buy the

The feather brush is as popular as ever as a useful ornament for a drawing-room, and there is, therefore no ex- ways attractive little Japanese doll cuse to be made for dust upon brackets, may be utilized. Choose one with a pictures or knickknacks of any sort. The holder shown here is, as seen from ference. To dress one, as shown in the sketch, by no means elaborate, and Fig 2 in the illustration, fold a half-



FEATHER DUSTER HOLDER.

most of the effect depends upon the colors and materials employed for it. Of course it is made up on a founda- skirt "Hat Pins" in gilt, forming the tion of stout cardboard, which is cut letters to look as much like Japanese into a diamond shape and used with characters as possible. one point uppermost, the brush being slipped into a loop specially made for 1 requires a bit of thin cardboard, five it. Cut a piece of moire, or of satin, or velvet, or plush, for the front, just about one-half inch larger all round

than the cardboard. Cut also a band of buckram about two inches wide, and three inches longer than will stretch acrose the diamond horizontally from point to point. Cover this buckram with plush or velvet to accord with the rest of the covering, and line the middle of this band with a scrap of silk; the ends need not be thus lined. Sew a number of little imitation gems, or large spangles, at equal distances along the center of this band, and add some small pompons or drops of some kind to the lower edge. Lay this band neross the center of the satin from slack so that the handle of the brush lining the middle part of the band is

now obvious. Now stretch the satin very tightly over the cardboard, drawing the raw edges together on the wrong side with lacing stitches of strong thread. Be careful to get the band in the middle quite straight, for the holder will be anything but ornamental if this is crooked. It is as well to add the cord round the edges below the band, the bow at the tip of the point, and the ring to hang the holder up by, before lining the back neatly with sateen or a piece of plain silk.

It is quite possible to make up the They Should Always Be Swept with a feather brush itself at home, if the worker is anxious for the whole thing to be of her own workmanship, or if lower edge of the stick. Tie them firmly of the meshes of a carpet, but not to in place with some fine twine, and glue | polish a hardwood surface. this well to prevent it from coming unround the upper edge to hide the place dust is easily removed from a polished where the velvet and stick meet. The floor in this way. lower edge of the velvet should be van-

over from their own work.

It is too bad to have one's polished tables and stands covered with little rings where a vase has stood and the water has overflowed. There is no need of this, either. Everybody should have on hand an abundant supply of if it had been cleaned with a mop .- N. these mats. These need not be obtru- Y. Tribune. sive in design. In fact, no one wants any more the elaborate confection that were once wont to call attention to their crocheted splendors in our draw- use of fans, and with the Japanese the ing rooms. Make the latter-day vase fan is an emblem of life. The rivet mats of small rounds of olive-green end is regarded as the starting point felt, preferably not ornamented at all and as the rays of the fan expand so except for a "pinked" border. No one the road of life widens out toward a will notice them, but they will keep prosperous future. It is also said that your resewood and mahogany from

Punctuality Is a Virtue.

The habit of being always a little Inte is so general that it might seem unavoidable, were it not that punctuality is secured from the very persons at fault when the occasions are as guarded as in the wedding to which study might turn the most hardened the foolish virgins failed to gain ad- European into a Japonophile. mission because "the doors were shut." It is better to train up children to order, punctuality, honesty in keeping engagements, as a part of keeping one's word, and so teach them not only self- of the loaf into long, thin pieces. reliance, but make them men and women on whom reliance may be placed.

Why Women Chew Gum. Some one buying chewing gum at a candy shop lately began to apologize for the plebeian purchase: "Oh, we don't think anything about it any more," replied the saleswoman. many women chew gum for dyspepsi that we always take it for granted that that is why it is wanted."

HAT PIN CUSHIONS.

fwo Pretty Designs Which Can Be Made at Small Cost.

In these days when hat pins are as much of a fad and of a necessity with-al, as stick pins, it is desirable that appropriate receptacles be provided for them in order that they shall not mar the dainty toilet cushion with their huge perforations. Where a suspended cushion seems most convenient the alhead measuring six inches in circumyard of three-inch ribbon together and crease it to designate the bottom of the cushion. Sew thirteen small gilt spangles along the bottom, with a gilt bead in the middle of each to fasten it on. Overhand the sides of the ribbon to within an inch and a half of the opposite end; stuff with hair or wool and fasten it around the doll's neck. A half vard of the same ribbon is cut in two and folded lengthwise for the sleeves; overhand, turn in the ends at the bottom, and attach to the dress at the shoulder. Now take a yard and a quarter of half-inch ribbon, fasten it over the shoulder and tie about the waist with bow and ends in front, although the really Japanese lady always wears her sash ends behind, neatly tucked up into a sort of roll or cushion. A loop of this same ribbon is fastened to the belt in the back to suspend the cushion by. Decorate the sleeves and shoulder straps with spangles and beads, and finish with a fringe of the beads. Letter on the

The standard cushion shown in Fig.



foundation, and a circular piece will slip easily into it. The reason for and a half inches in diameter for the bottom. Cover these with any pretty scrap of silk or plush, fitting the outside snugly about the cardboard, which you have sewn in a cylinder; sew in a piece three and a half inches in diameter for the top, leaving an aperture through which you may stuff the cushion, rounding up the top. If all your toilet appointments are white, cover this with a ruffle of lace of fine dotted Swiss, and tie at the top with bows and loops of narrow ribbon.-American

Agriculturist.

HARDWOOD FLOORS.

Covered Broom. The hardwood floor is comparatively a new feature of the house, and it is not she happens to have a number of fancy altogether strenge that housekeepers feathers that she would like to use up. | do not always know just how to take A "turned" stick is needed, which may care of them. Many of them treat them either be gilded or enamelled. Take as they do a carpet, sweeping them the shortest of the feathers and arrange | with a broom-corn broom, which is inthem with the tips downward round the | tended well enough to take the dust out

The same woman who treats her tied. Add a second set of feathers hardwood floor in this way would rerather longer than the others, and se- fuse to sweep off her piano with a cure them also with fine twine, gluing broom-corn broom, for fear of scratchthis as before. Continue this until the | ing it. She would probably take a soft brush is full enough, and hide the ends cotton-flannel duster and wipe off the of the last set of feathers with a "sugar- dust, and this is exactly what she should paper" shaped piece of velvet, secured do with her floor. The most convenient here and there with a touch of glue, and | way of doing it is to make a soft cothaving a band of wide gold braid tacked ton-flanuel bag for the broom. The

Such a covered broom is also useful dyked. It is a good plan to use kid or sweeping down the walls, though a leather instead of velvet, and there feather duster accomplishes this work should be no difficulty in getting this more successfully. There ought to be of a good and suitable color, as many a number of these broom-covers ready, bookbinders will dispose of scraps left so that when they become solled they may be washed. Painted plazas may also be much more successfully swept with a covered broom of this sort than in any other way. Even when it needs a scrubbing-brush, if it is well swept with a covered broom, it will look almost as well as if it had been scrubbed with a brush, and certainly better than

There is an endless etiquette in the the Japanese ogi originally took its shape from their wonderful mountain, Fuji-san, which represents to them all that is beautiful, high and holy. When one begins to understand all this there comes a salutary feeling of ignorance, and we perceive that the Japanese may claim to be among the great symbolists in the world. A continuance of such

Tear the crust from a part of a lost of baker's bread. Now tear the crumb Spread the torn bread in a pan and put in a hot oven to become brown and crisp. It will take about fifteen min-Serve hot with cheese. Pulled bread is also nice with chocolate or

coffee. Regarding Ostrich Plumes. In each wing of the ostrich twentysix long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ceru or gray.